

Courageous.

Employer—Well, what did he say when you called for that money?

Clerk—That he would break every bone in my body and throw me out of the window if I showed my face there again.

Employer—Then go back at once and tell him he can't frighten me with his violence.—Tit-Bits.

A Thoughtful Waiter.

Irate Individual—Confound it, waiter, didn't I tell you I was in a hurry, and only wanted one egg? Why the dickens did you bring me two?

Waiter (rather hurt)—I thought, as you was in a hurry, sir, I'd bring two, 'cos one of 'em might be bad!—Punch.

How He Felt About It.

"I wish I could give up work and take a long rest."

"You'd do it if you could, would you?"

"Well, I'm not sure I'd do it if I could, but it's one of those things you'd like to do when you can't."—Brooklyn Life.

In the Air.

"Is she married?"

"Partially."

"What do you mean by that?"

"She got a divorce and her husband took an appeal. One court says she's married and one says she isn't."—N. Y. Sun.

Her Apprehension Realized.

Algy—I saw you sitting alone here, and I feared you were not enjoying yourself.

Amy Abell—Yes. I feared you would fear I was not enjoying myself!—Puck.

In the Course of Time.

I'm going to be a millionaire; My money, I shall hoard it. I'll be a great reformer then, Because I can afford it. —Washington Star.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.



"I am worried about my income."

"You shouldn't let a little think like that worry you."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Saddest Words.

The saddest words of tongue or pen Are not, I think, "It might have been." Sadder are these, which o'er me lord it—"I'd like to, but I can't afford it." —Judge.

Mrs. Lot's Failing.

Sunday-School Teacher—And so Lot's wife was turned to salt. Can anyone tell why?

Willie (from the rear)—She was too fresh.—Harvard Lampoon.

Different Now.

He—Do you know, Miss Dorothy, I often kissed you when you were a baby?

She—Oh, well, I couldn't help myself then.—N. Y. Journal.

Tobacco Habit.

"Sa, pa!"

"Well!"

"If a cow was fed on tobacco leaves would she give tobacco juice?"—N. Y. Herald.

GIRL SNAKE CATCHER.

She Makes a Snug Little Income by Securing Reptiles for Traveling Shows.

Amanda Lanon, a 17-year-old girl living at Greenwood, near Altoona, Pa., differs from the majority of her sex in that she is not afraid of snakes and even loves to capture them.

Most snake hunters use a forked stick, but Miss Lanon uses her bare hands. She is a pretty young woman and for some time has been engaged in the snake-catching business, which she



SHE JUST GRABS THEM.

finds to be quite lucrative. At present she has an order for rattlesnakes from a railroad show which exhibits here soon, and is making all the catches she can. One day recently she succeeded in landing two fine specimens of that species, one of which has 13 rattles and the other nine.

Her method of catching reptiles is merely to "grab 'em back of the head and put 'em in my basket." At home she feeds them and sells them, making \$15 on a "nice" full-grown rattler, and proportionately on copperheads, vipers and blacksnakes. Miss Lanon does not profess to be a snake charmer, nor has she any love for her captives; the whole affair with her is merely a matter of business. During berrying time she spends much time picking berries on the mountain, but says snake-catching is more profitable. She is not likely to have many competitors.

Pain Simply Crawls Out.

A druggist in Denver has invented a novel porous plaster. Applied to a lame back it soothes the sufferer, and in a little while the pain crawls out through the holes.

Idiomatic Blunder.

"Mr. Henpeque, let me introduce you to the Count De Dippee."

"Ah, eet ez ze honor to meet a musician. I hear, sar, zat you an' your family play ze music."

"Why, I don't know the first thing about music."

"Why, I hear eet all around zat you 'play second fiddle, to your wifel!"—Baltimore Herald.

Reward of Merit.

Boss—I understand you are very economical.

Bookkeeper—Yes, sir. Since I have been with you I have managed to save \$5,000.

Boss—Umph! As I always try to pay my clerks according to their needs, I'll have to cut down your salary.—N. Y. Times.

Reassuring Him.

She had been shopping, and he was naturally disturbed.

"I hope you didn't spend much money while you were down-town today," he remarked.

"Not a cent, except car fare, George," she answered, reassuringly, "I had everything charged."—Chicago

When Animals Faint.

The little gray dog tumbled headlong into the area, and the maid who happened to be standing there closed the gate. When the dog saw she was safe from her two legged pursuers she toppled over in a dead faint. At any rate, the maid insisted that she fainted. The boarders, who crowded out into the area to help bring the little animal to, derided the assertion, but the doctor that finally joined the group said there was nothing preposterous about it.

"Of course she fainted," he said. "Lots of animals faint. Cats and dogs and even more stolid animals keel over in moments of fear and exhaustion. In the case of horses the prostration is generally attributed to sunstroke, but quite often they are knocked out by a plain, everyday faint instead of atmospherical excesses. Fowls faint too, and the birds of the air. In fact, it is hard to find any living creature that doesn't topple over in crucial circumstances. If the lioness of the jungle were up on etiquette she would be just as much justified in carrying a camphor bottle as the finest lady in the land."—New York Press.

Faculty of Imitation In Animals.

Some animals have wonderful powers of imitation. Dogs brought up in the company of cats have been known to acquire the trick of licking the paws and then washing the face. When a cat has been taught to sit up for food her kittens have been known to imitate her action. Darwin tells of a cat that was in the habit of putting her paw into the mouth of a narrow milk pitcher every time she got the chance and then licking the cream off her paw. Her kitten soon learned the same trick. A lady tells of a rabbit that she keeps in a cage with a monkey and says that Bunnie has caught many of the monkey's ways. It is said that starving pigeons that have been brought up on grain will not eat peas to save their lives, but that if pea eating pigeons are put with them they follow their example and eat peas.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Washington Could Run.

"As to running," said Parson Weems in his book on George Washington, "the swift footed Achilles could scarcely have matched his speed. 'Egad, he ran wonderfully!" said my amiable and aged friend, John Fitzhugh, Esq., who knew him well. "We had nobody hereabouts who could come near him. There was young Langhorn Dade of Westmoreland, a confounded, clean made, tight young fellow and a mighty swift runner, too; but, then, he was no match for George. Langy, indeed, did not like to give up and would brag that sometimes he had brought George to a tie. But I believe he was mistaken, for I have seen them run together many a time, and George always beat him easy enough."

An Alphabetic Menu.

Apples, bananas, coffee, dumplings, eggs fried, grape fruit, halibut, Italian jam, Knickerbocker lamb, mince, nougat, orange pie, quails roasted, stewed tomatoes, underdone veal, waffles, extraordinary yams from Zululand.—Christian Intelligencer.

Good Sailing.

Jack—Once more, Molly, will you marry me? Village Belle—For the thirteenth time this hour I tell you I will not. Jack—Well, thirteen knots an hour ain't bad sailin' for a little craft like you.—London Tit-Bits.

A Sparkling Guest.

Mrs. Chic—Isn't Miss Patterson a rather dull girl? Mrs. Au Fait—Dull? She's got a pedigree right straight back to a real English lord.—Detroit Free Press.

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LANE COLLEGE wants a woman teacher of Domestic Science. Christian of any denomination, pious, must know sewing, basketry and cooking. Will pay good salary. School opens September 28th. Write J. A. Bray, A. M., President Lane College, Jackson, Tenn.

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Profuse Apologies.

"See here!" said the hotel clerk, "you'll have to move on. We can't have any loitering around the hall."

"Well," replied the offender, "the head-waiter told me to stay here till he came. I'm after a job as waiter."

"O! I beg your pardon. I thought you were only a guest."—Philadelphia Press.

Benefactor of Mankind.

"Hobbs is weak, financially, isn't he?"

"Well, he hasn't much to boast of, but he gives employment to a great many men."

"Who are they?"

"Other fellows' bill collectors."—N. Y. Times.

He Wouldn't Do.

Barber—Mein eracious! You von't do.

New Man—You schoost doid me to go to work.

Barber—You von't do. Now you haf your hat off I see you are bald. How you zell my hair restorer, eh?"—N. Y. Weekly.

A Day for Bad Luck.

"No; John never seemed superstitious until we were married. Isn't that so, John? And why did you change?"

"I suppose it was because my wedding day came on Friday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tough Parishioners.

Deacon Blunt—So your congregation gave you no vacation this year?

Dominy Dull—Not a week; not a day.

Deacon Blunt—Well! well! They are the hardest people to tire out I ever heard of.—N. Y. Weekly.

FOR RENT:—Large front room suitable for man and wife, on Pierce Place near Fourteenth street. Address, C. T., this office.